THE BEST OF BRITISH COMICS – IT'S

TERRIFIC

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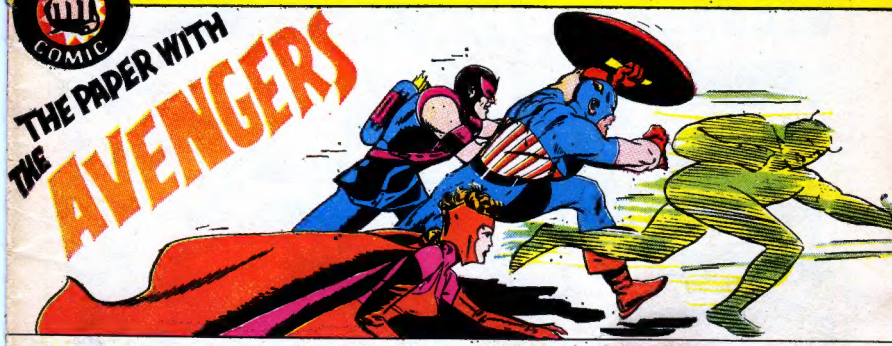
THE PAPER WITH THE AVENGERS



THE PAPER WITH GIANT-MAN and the wonderful WASP

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.

the paper with DOCTOR STRANGE

GIANT MAN

TRAPPED BY THE PORCUPINE

Part 2

LAST ISH WE SAW HIGHPOCKETS AND HIS LOVELY PARTNER TANGLE WITH A REALLY PRICKLY CUSTOMER — THE PORCUPINE. HE GAVE HANK THE NEEDLE WHEN HE CAUSED HIM TO FALL FROM A SKYSCRAPER AND **BREAK HIS ANKLE!** BUT THAT LITTLE MATTER **SHRINKS** INTO INSIGNIFICANCE BESIDE WHAT HE DID NEXT--- HE **CAPTURED THE WASP!**

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group./963

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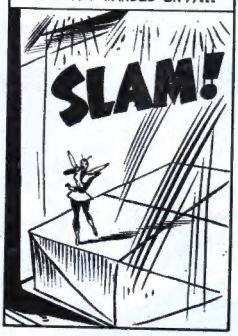
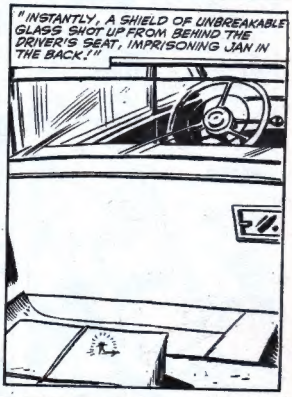
SO WE JOIN GIANT-MAN AS HE PURSUES THE EVIL PORCUPINE...
THE DOCTOR TOLD ME NOT TO USE MY ANKLE, BUT I MUST! THERE'S TOO MUCH AT STAKE NOW!

IF THE WASP IS THE PORCUPINE'S PRISONER, NO POWER ON EARTH WILL KEEP ME FROM FINDING HIM!!

"I WAS A FOOL TO LET HER GO ON THAT ERRAND FOR HIM! I SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED FROM THE START THAT IT WAS A TRAP!"


"I CAN VISUALIZE HIS ENTIRE PLAN! HE HAD A PACKAGE ON THE BACK SEAT... THE WASP FLEW IN AND LANDED ON IT..."
SLAM!

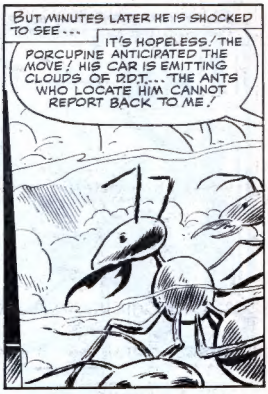

"INSTANTLY, A SHIELD OF UNBREAKABLE GLASS SHOT UP FROM BEHIND THE DRIVER'S SEAT, IMPRISONING JAN IN THE BACK!"

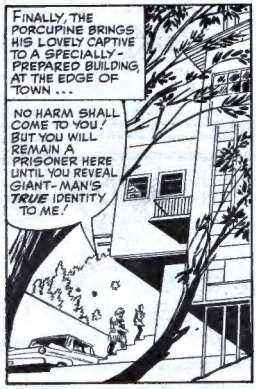
"I CAN ALMOST IMAGINE HOW SHE MUST HAVE CRIED OUT IN ALARM WHEN SHE DISCOVERED...
NO HANDLES ON THE DOORS! NO WAY FOR ME TO REACH THE DRIVER... OR THE STREET OUTSIDE! AND THERE'S NO POINT IN WASTING A GROWTH PILL... WHAT GOOD WOULD IT DO ME??

BY THE TIME HE HAS RELIVED ALMOST THE WHOLE TABLEAU IN HIS MIND'S EYE, THE GRIM-VISAGED GIANT-MAN REACHES THE STREET... ONLY TO FIND...
I'M TOO LATE! MY ANKLE SLOWED ME DOWN TOO MUCH! CAN'T REACH THEM! HE'S GETTING AWAY SCOT FREE... AND WITH JAN!

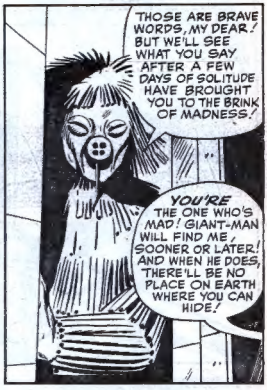
BACK TO HIS LAB RUSHES THE GIANT-SIZED ADVENTURER, AS HE SWITCHES ON HIS AMAZING CYBERNETIC COMMUNICATION DEVICE ...
I'VE GOT TO CONTACT MY LOYAL ANTS! ONLY THEY CAN HELP ME NOW!

WITH THE AID OF THE BUILT-IN CYBERNETIC AMPLIFIER IN HIS HEAD COWL, THE GENIUS OF HENRY PYM IS ABLE TO MAKE HIS THOUGHTS KNOWN TO HIS EVER-PRESENT ARMY OF ANTS ...
YOU MUST COMB THE CITY! DO NOT STOP UNTIL YOU HAVE FOUND THE WASP! THESE ORDERS CANNOT BE COUNTER-MANDED!


BUT MINUTES LATER HE IS SHOCKED TO SEE ...
IT'S HOPELESS! THE PORCUPINE ANTICIPATED THE MOVE! HIS CAR IS EMITTING CLOUDS OF DDT... THE ANTS WHO LOCATE HIM CANNOT REPORT BACK TO ME!


FINALLY, THE PORCUPINE BRINGS HIS LOVELY CAPTIVE TO A SPECIALLY-PREPARED BUILDING, AT THE EDGE OF TOWN ...
NO HARM SHALL COME TO YOU! BUT YOU WILL REMAIN A PRISONER HERE UNTIL YOU REVEAL GIANT-MAN'S TRUE IDENTITY TO ME!

YOU WILL BE LOCKED IN THAT ROOM... A ROOM WHICH IS AS ESCAPE-PROOF AS HUMAN INGENUITY CAN MAKE IT! SOONER OR LATER YOU WILL TELL ME WHAT I MUST KNOW!
NEVER! I'LL NEVER BETRAY GIANT-MAN! NOT IF I STAY THERE FOR-EVER!


THOSE ARE BRAVE WORDS, MY DEAR! BUT WE'LL SEE WHAT YOU SAY AFTER A FEW DAYS OF SOLITUDE HAVE BROUGHT YOU TO THE BRINK OF MADNESS!
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S MAD! GIANT-MAN WILL FIND ME, SOONER OR LATER! AND WHEN HE DOES, THERE'LL BE NO PLACE ON EARTH WHERE YOU CAN HIDE!

MEANTIME, THE TOWERING AVENGER FEELS THE ANGER IN HIS BREAST BURST INTO A PAROXYSM OF WHITE-HOT FURY!!
I CAN'T JUST REMAIN HERE DOING NOTHING! I'LL FIND THE WASP IF I HAVE TO TEAR THE ENTIRE CITY APART!

AND, ONCE I GET MY HANDS ON THE PORCUPINE, I'LL MAKE SURE HE NEVER RETURNS TO MENACE ANYONE AGAIN! NOTHING SHORT OF DEATH ITSELF WILL STOP ME!

I'VE WORN THIS BANDAGE LONG ENOUGH! NO INJURY... NO PAIN... CAN STOP ME NOW FROM WHAT I HAVE TO DO!

MEANWHILE, AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, IN HIS HIDDEN LABORATORY, THE PORCUPINE PREPARES FOR PHASE TWO OF HIS SUBTLE PLAN TO DESTROY GIANT-MAN!
THE GIRL BELIEVED MY STORY! SHE DOESN'T SUSPECT MY REAL MOTIVE!

SHE DOESN'T KNOW THAT HER ROOM IS NOT ESCAPE-PROOF!...THAT I REALLY WANT HER TO ESCAPE!

...FOR WHEN SHE DOES, SHE WILL HEAD FOR GIANT-MAN'S SECRET HEADQUARTERS... AND THIS TINY ELECTRONIC RADAR QUILL, ATTRACTED BY HER BODY HEAT, WILL FOLLOW HER!

ALL IS IN READINESS NOW! I HAVE BUT TO REMOVE THIS TINY PLUG, AND LET THE WASP THINK SHE HAS FOUND AN ESCAPE ROUTE!

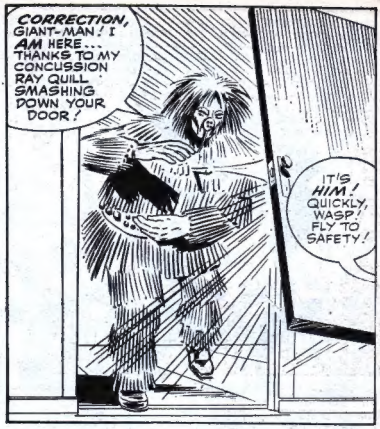
MINUTES LATER...
WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK! THIS TINY KNOT-HOLE WAS PROBABLY TOO SMALL FOR THE PORCUPINE TO NOTICE... BUT NOT TOO SMALL FOR THE WASP TO ESCAPE THROUGH!

IT IS ALMOST TOO EASY! THERE GOES THE WASP... AND HERE GOES MY INGENIOUS LITTLE QUILL...WHICH WILL RADIO BACK HER LOCATION TO ME DURING EVERY SECOND OF FLIGHT!

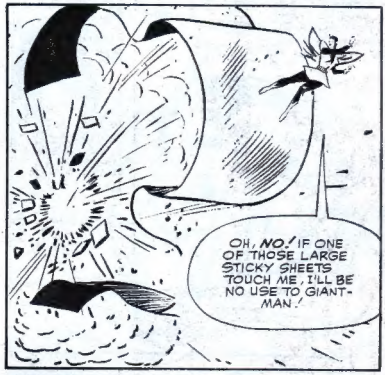
IT'S WORKING LIKE A CHARM! BUT HER SPEED IS SLOW... SHE'S RESTING AT EVERY THIRD BLOCK! IT'S A LONG JOURNEY FOR ONE SO SMALL!
NOW SHE'S HEADING FOR THE CENTRAL BRIDGE! GIANT-MAN'S HOME MUST BE IN NEW TOWN!

AND, A SHORT TIME LATER, A SMALL FLYING FIGURE WINGS HER WAY INTO THE WINDOW OF A QUIET HOME OVERLOOKING THE CENTRAL BRIDGE!
YOU CAN LEAVE THOSE TEST-TUBES NOW, DR. JEKYLL! YOUR EVER-LOVIN' LITTLE PARTNER IS BACK AGAIN!
WASP! YOU ESCAPED! I WAS JUST WORKING ON A NEW FORMULA TO LOCATE YOU BY THE ENERGY IMPRINT OF YOUR HEARTBEAT!
I NEVER REALIZED I COULD MISS ANYONE SO MUCH... WORRY ABOUT ANYONE SO MUCH... NEED ANYONE SO MUCH! WITH YOU GONE, I FELT AS THOUGH...
WHOA, BIG BOY! HOLD IT! WAIT TILL I GET LIFE-SIZED AGAIN, SO YOU CAN PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ME WHILE YOU SAY THAT!
THE SIGNALS HAVE STOPPED! IT MEANS JUST ONE THING! I'VE FOUND GIANT-MAN! AND NOW TO FINISH HIM OFF, FOR GOOD!
I NOW KNOW THE EXTENT OF HIS POWERS... BUT WITH MY PORCUPINE COSTUME ON, I AM HIS MASTER!
AND EVEN IF HE ESCAPES ME, I SHALL KNOW HIS REAL IDENTITY... HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO HIDE FROM ME!
THEN, WHEN THE UNDERWORLD LEARNS THAT THE PORCUPINE IS THE ONE WHO HAS DEFEATED GIANT-MAN, I SHALL BE ABLE TO WRITE MY OWN TICKET... I SHALL BECOME THE KING OF CRIME!
BUT, THE PORCUPINE IS NOT DEALING WITH A CHILD!
WASP! SOMETHING IS HOVERING IN THE AIR ABOVE YOU! I DON'T LIKE IT!
WITH ONE MOVEMENT OF HIS GIGANTIC HAND, THE MIGHTY ADVENTURER SMASHES THE RADAR QUILL TO SMITHEREENS! BUT, THE DAMAGE IS ALREADY DONE.. FOR THE PORCUPINE IS ON HIS WAY!
IT'S A MINIATURE DETECTION DEVICE! I THINK YOU'VE BEEN TRICKED, LITTLE PARTNER! PREPARE FOR ACTION!!

SO CONFIDENT IS THE PORCUPINE, THAT HE NEGLECTS HIS D.D.T. DEFENCE VAPOUR AS HE DRIVES ACROSS THE CENTRAL BRIDGE...
LOOK, JAN! A MESSAGE FROM THE ANTS! THE PORCUPINE IS ON HIS WAY! HE'S ALMOST HERE!


CORRECTION, GIANT-MAN! I AM HERE... THANKS TO MY CONCUSSION RAY QUILL SMASHING DOWN YOUR DOOR!
IT'S HIM! QUICKLY, WASP! FLY TO SAFETY!

THERE IS NO SAFE PLACE WHEN YOU FIGHT THE PORCUPINE! WATCH MY FLY-PAPER PELLET BRING HER DOWN!

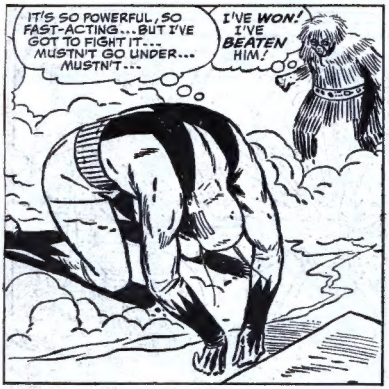

OH, NO! IF ONE OF THOSE LARGE STICKY SHEETS TOUCH ME, I'LL BE NO USE TO GIANT-MAN!

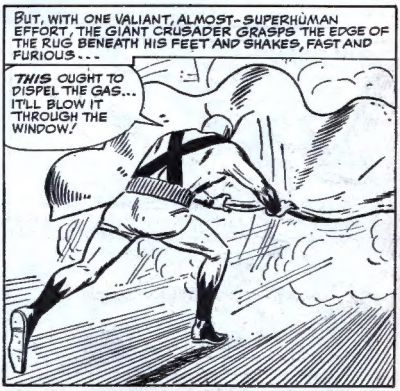
GIANT-MAN! I CAN'T MOVE! I'M TRAPPED! DON'T COUNT ON ME FOR HELP! YOU'VE GOT TO BEAT HIM ALONE!

I'M ACTUALLY GLAD JAN IS OUT OF IT! PORCUPINE'S TOO DANGEROUS! I WANT TO TACKLE HIM ALONE!
HIS LEFT LEG MUST STILL BE WEAK! IF I CAN AIM THIS TABLE ACCURATELY...

UHHH! HE HIT MY FRACTURED ANKLE! IT'S AGONY! BUT... CAN'T LET IT STOP ME!
NOW THAT I'VE WEAKENED YOU, GIANT-MAN, I'LL FINISH THE JOB... AS ONLY THE PORCUPINE CAN!

YOUR COSTUME IS A HEROIC ONE... BUT IT'S TOO BAD YOU NEGLECTED TO INCLUDE A GAS MASK, AS I HAVE... SO THAT YOU COULD NOT BE STOPPED BY ONE OF MY SLEEPING GAS QUILLS!
SHOULD HAVE PREPARED FOR THIS! CAN'T LET IT AFFECT ME!


IT'S SO POWERFUL, SO FAST-ACTING... BUT I'VE GOT TO FIGHT IT... MUSTN'T GO UNDER... MUSTN'T...
I'VE WON! I'VE BEATEN HIM!


BUT, WITH ONE VALIANT, ALMOST-SUPERHUMAN EFFORT, THE GIANT CRUSADER GRASPS THE EDGE OF THE RUG BENEATH HIS FEET AND SHAKES, FAST AND FURIOUS...
THIS OUGHT TO DISPEL THE GAS... IT'LL BLOW IT THROUGH THE WINDOW!

I NEVER THOUGHT HE'D BOUNCE BACK SO QUICKLY! NOW HE'S COMING FOR ME! I'LL HAVE TO HIDE... IN SOME SMALL SPACE, WHERE HE CAN'T REACH ME!
I SHOULD BE SAFE HERE!... AT LEAST LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO THINK OF ANOTHER PLAN OF ATTACK!

BUT THERE CAN BE NO SAFETY WHEN YOU FIGHT A FOE WHO CAN ALTER HIS SIZE BY THE MERE SWALLOWING OF A CAPSULE! AND SO...

THERE'S NO PLACE YOU CAN HIDE, PORCUPINE, WHERE ANT-MAN CANNOT REACH YOU!

YOU OUT-SMARTED YOURSELF THIS TIME, FOOL! YOU MADE YOUR-SELF TOO SMALL! I'LL CRUSH YOU LIKE A FLEA!
EVER TRY TO CATCH A FLEA....? IT'S TOUGHER THAN YOU THINK!

HE'S LOST ALL HIS CAUTION! GOOD! NOW FOR ANOTHER GROWTH CAPSULE!

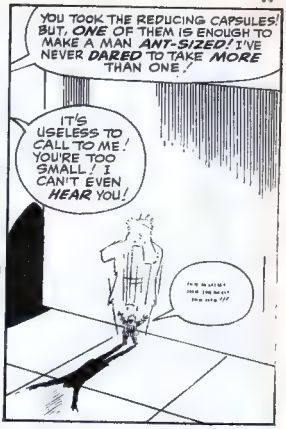
AND NOW, PORCUPINE, WE'LL FINISH THIS OFF...UNDER GIANT-MAN'S TERMS!
HE CAUGHT ME NAPPING! BUT I STILL HAVE A CHANCE!

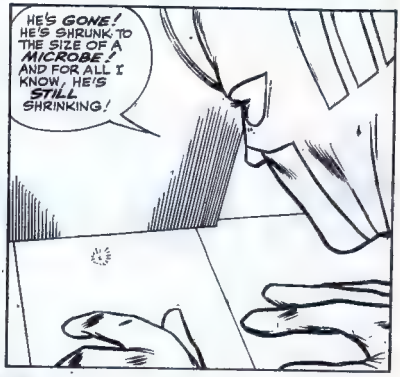
I'LL LET HIM GRAB ME! HE'S SURE TO PICK ME UP! THAT'S WHAT I WANT! I'VE GOT TO BE ABLE TO REACH HIS BELT CAPSULES!

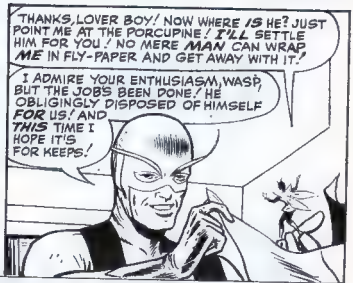
SO YOU DECIDED TO STOP RUNNING! ALL RIGHT, LITTLE MAN, THAT SAVES US BOTH A LOT OF UNNECESSARY TROUBLE!

SO FAR, SO GOOD! I'VE GOT TO BE SURE HE DOESN'T FEEL ME REACHING FOR HIS CAPSULE POUCHES!
I'M A LITTLE SURPRISED AT YOU, PORCUPINE! I EXPECTED YOU TO PUT UP A BETTER FIGHT THAN THIS! OR ARE YOU STILL PLANNING SOMETHING TRICKY??

BUT, AS GIANT-MAN SPEAKS... HOLDING THE PORCUPINE UP OFF THE GROUND AS EFFORTLESSLY AS THOUGH HE WERE WEIGHTLESS, ONE QUILL-COVERED ARM SILENTLY MOVES FORWARD, AND...
YOU SEEM STRANGELY SILENT! IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D THINK... WAIT! MY...MY CAPSULE POUCH!
TOO LATE, YOU OVERSIZED BUFFOON! I'VE TAKEN A HANDFUL OF YOUR GROWTH CAPSULES! THIS SNEEZING GAS QUILL WILL HOLD YOU OFF WHILE I SWALLOW THEM!
STOP! COME BACK! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE... AHH CHOOO!!!
BLESS YOU!! DON'T WORRY, I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING ALL RIGHT!
IF ONE CAPSULE MAKES YOU TWELVE FEET TALL, IMAGINE HOW BIG I'LL BECOME WHEN I TAKE ALL OF YOUR GROWTH PILLS! YOU WON'T HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST ME!
YOU'RE MAD! YOU MUSTN'T TAKE ALL THOSE CAPSULES! LET ME EXPLAIN! WAIT!!
HAH! YOU CAN'T KEEP THE TERROR OUT OF YOUR VOICE! YOU KNOW YOU'RE FINISHED NOW! TOO LATE! I'VE TAKEN THEM!
I CAN FEEL THEM TAKING EFFECT ALREADY! WITHIN SECONDS I'LL BE ABLE TO SMASH YOU AT WILL! YOU'RE FINISHED, GIANT-MAN... THE PORCUPINE HAS WON!







BUT THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE FAMILIAR WITH SUCH THINGS HAVE A SUSPICION THAT SOMEHOW, IN SOME WAY, THE PORCUPINE MAY SOMEDAY RETURN... MORE DANGEROUS THAN EVER! AND, Y'KNOW SOMETHING? YOU MAY BE RIGHT! SO DON'T TAKE ANY STRANGE CAPSULES TILL WE MEET AGAIN, NEXT ISH!

TERRIFIC NEWS!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:— *TERRIFIC* 64, LONG ACRE LONDON, W.C.2

Dear Alf and Bart,
Wahoo ! ! Stop the presses ! ! I've just dreamed up this folder idea ! Here 'tis : For Fantastic and Terrific : A piece of card 18½ in. long and 13 in. wide. For Wham and Smash and Pow : Card 23 in. long and 14 in. wide. (Note: Felt could be stuck on the back just for show.) In both cases, mark a point halfway across, then measure 1 in. from the point on both sides and draw two lines from the top of the folder to the bottom. Now fold along these lines, and you have a three-sided folder. Sew a piece of elastic on the top of the spine and again at the bottom. Then T.F.P.C. (Those Fat Power Comics) should be opened at the centre pages and slipped under the elastic to stop them from falling out. If you like it don't applaud—just throw greenbacks ! (Phrase pinched from Marvel mag.)
Roger Thomas,
Pontyster,
S. Wales.

Well, there you are, frantic ones. If you want to keep your Power comics handy for instant reference, why not give Roger's idea a try? Doesn't sound too difficult.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I am one of those if-you-don't-print-my-letter-I-won't-buy-your-comic-again guys. I won't and I mean it because it took me two weeks to think up G.O.D.M.O.T.H.E.R. What, you may ask in the name of the four-toed thing, is G.O.D.M.O.T.H.E.R.? Well the tremendous amount of letters you receive must take lots of reading. So you must unite and join the Grand Organisation for Destroying Masses Of Tripe from Half-Educated Readers. Alf and Bart, you must fight for freedom ! Yours,
Roy Hawkins,
Coventry.

But Roy, we'd still have to read all the letters—otherwise how would we be able to tell which were brilliant and which were merely good.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I would like to put a word in about climbing out of windows and sliding down ropes made of blankets tied together. As far as I know you have been very good and not printed this in any of your comic strips. Keep up the good work and don't print it at all. I am not saying that it can't be done it can, I know, because I have done it—but I hurt my foot in doing so! I strongly advise *against* climbing out of windows which you often see being done by characters in comic strips. Yours sorely,
Robert Legge,
Torquay,
Devon.

PS. Please print this as a *warning* to others.

Hear that, R.T.N.s? (Readers of Terrific News) Robert Legge hurt his foot . . . No ! . . . not by being out on a limb . . . STOP sniggering out there and heed thou the word of POWER ! Don't climb out of windows or jump out of trains ! Don't leap off church steeples or knock out your brains ! Keep your bones intact and the blood in your veins (we need the circulation!).
Alf and Bart.

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

ITEM . . . . from a letter from Powerhouser MALCOLM NOBBS of Folkestone, Kent . . . " I, just another Power-mad fan, would like to plead (nay–BEG) you to increase NEWS FROM THE FLOOR OF 64 to one whole page instead of just half . . . " And now hear this, Malcolm : Us, being plain overworked garreteers, WOULD DO . . . if we could find time to plead(nay-beg) someone up here to FIND TIME to write a double-length 64 each week ! ! Leave it, tiger, leave it ! . . . Please ! !

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER PACK PEOPLE

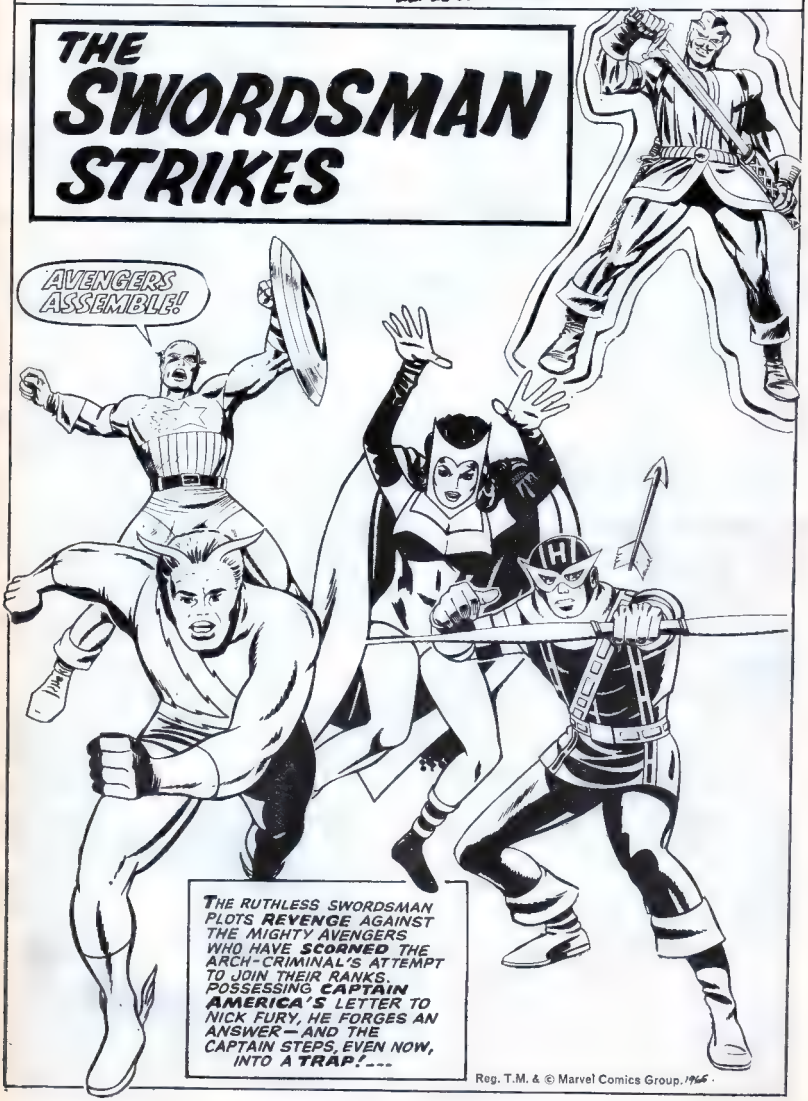
Brenda Patten, Victoria, Australia: Graham Hart, London, N.19: Terence Randall, Whitby, Cheshire: David Cools, Walthamstow, London: George Verth, Edinburgh, Scotland: Martin Corbin, Weymouth, Dorset: Chris Greenaway, London, N.19: Marylin Richards, Milford Haven, Pembs.: Robert Gritten, Tonbridge, Kent: N. Robson, Bournemouth, Hants.: Terence Gill, Dewsbury, Yorks.: Geoffrey Sharp, Bolton, Lancashire: Allan Pashley, South Elmsall, Yorks.: Martin Milner, Sandygate, Sheffield: Gary Brown, London Colney, Herts.: Steven Parker, Halton Moor, Leeds 15: D. Millward, Yardley, Birmingham 33: Geraldine Parry, Edgware, Middx.: David Healey, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.: Michael Darby, Portsmouth, Hants.

SOMETIMES IT STRIKES US. What NICE people we have up here in the garret. Take what's happened over in the *Smash* cubbyhole for instance. In response to the really ENORMOUS popularity of DAREDEVIL and to the resultant deluge of piteous pleadings for more, more, more, CASANOVA COS wiped his eyes, unchoked his Adam's apple and said that's just what he's *going* to do ! . . . GIVE YOU FANS MORE PAGES OF DAREDEVIL! And that's not all ! Ever since the early days of *Smash*, readers have been writing in to ask why oh *why* can't they have another serial featuring BRIAN'S BRAIN ! For those unfortunate enough to miss the original story (and what a gasser it was) it was all about a boy and a kind of robot brain he carries with him through some distinctly dicey adventures. And not the least reason for its immense popularity was the nice, homey manner of telling the story. Anyway, Cos decided you faithful followers darn well DESERVE another Brian's Brain tale. So that's *something else* you *Smash* readers have coming your way. But we have to admit it, what has REALLY made Cos so eager to please is a little matter of *conscience !* You see, kindly Cos, remembering that the lovable HULK is our longest-running super-hero/villain, decided that even OL'Greenskin needs a break *some* time or other. So steeling his heart against the outcry he knows will come, Cos is pulling out the mighty mixed marvel for a spell.

He (THE HULK, we mean) will not be roaring his way across the pages of Power after this week. And though he knows he's doing the right thing, what's bothering Cos is you HULK fans. But as he says : this is NOT a time for tears ! Not a day for the doldrums ! True, this week the big fellow bows out of the Power scene. But he'll be back. And in the meantime there's more Daredevil . . . MORE Brian's Brains ! All coming to give even *more* power to *Smash* ! . . . to keep this peerless paper where it has *always* BEEN . . . RIGHT AT THE TOP OF THE HEAP !

THE MIGHTY AVENGERS

THE SWORDSMAN STRIKES



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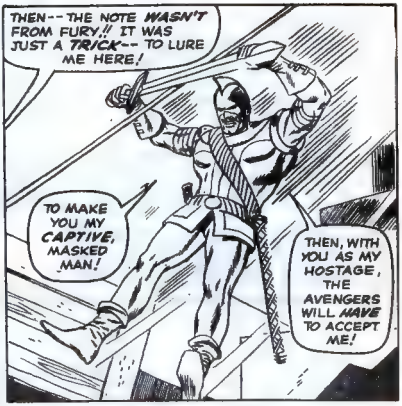
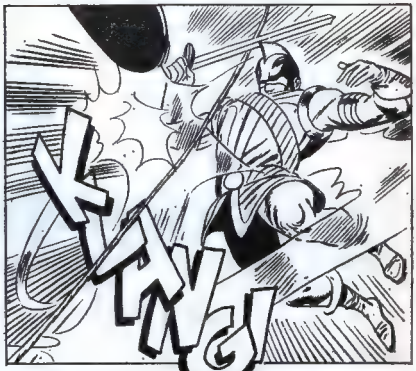
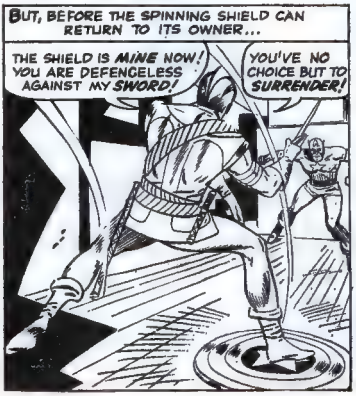
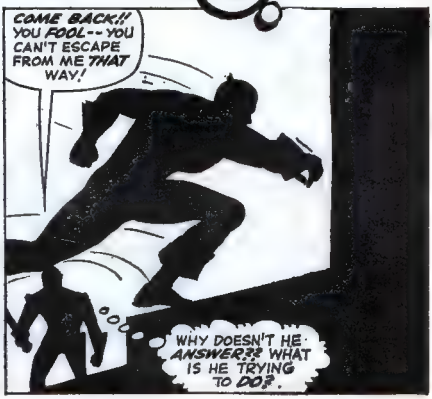
AH! SO THE FAMOUS CAPTAIN AMERICA SNAPPED AT THE SWORDSMAN'S BAIT, EH?
YOU!!


THEN-- THE NOTE WASN'T FROM FURY!! IT WAS JUST A TRICK-- TO LURE ME HERE!
TO MAKE YOU MY CAPTIVE, MASKED MAN!
THEN, WITH YOU AS MY HOSTAGE, THE AVENGERS WILL HAVE TO ACCEPT ME!

DISAPPOINTMENT, BITTER ENOUGH FOR HIM TO TASTE, WELLS UP WITHIN THE BREAST OF CAPTAIN AMERICA, TURNING INTO A LIVID, SEARING, ALL-CONSUMING RAGE--!
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT IT MEANS TO CHALLENGE AN AVENGER!! DEFEND YOURSELF, SWORDSMAN!!


KLANG!


BUT, BEFORE THE SPINNING SHIELD CAN RETURN TO ITS OWNER...
THE SHIELD IS MINE NOW! YOU ARE DEFENGELESS AGAINST MY SWORD!
YOU'VE NO CHOICE BUT TO SURRENDER!


COME BACK!! YOU FOOL-- YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FROM ME THAT WAY!
WHY DOESN'T HE ANSWER?? WHAT IS HE TRYING TO DO?.

A SECOND LATER, THE SWORDSMAN HAS HIS ANSWER...
STILL THINK I'M DEFENCELESS NOW?
BAH! KICKING THOSE CARTONS DOWN AT ME ISN'T GOING TO SAVE YOU!

NO, BUT IT'LL KEEP YOU OFF-BALANCE LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO DO-- THIS!

YOUR SHIELD! I DIDN'T REALIZE--!
I'VE GOT IT!
YOU'RE TOO LATE, SWORDSMAN!

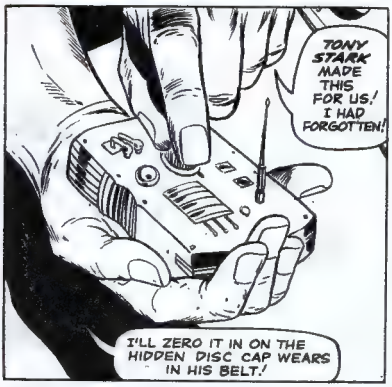
UNHHHH!
YOUR SWORD CAN'T STOP ME NOW!

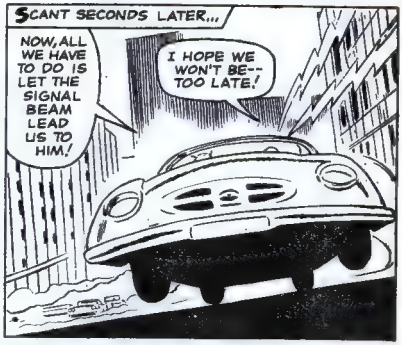
KLANNGG!
HE FIGHTS LIKE A TIGER-- ALWAYS ATTACKING!
SHIELD OR NO SHIELD, MY BLADE WILL SMASH YOU YET!

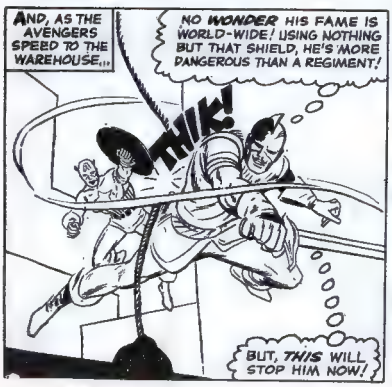
DEFEND YOURSELF! YOU'RE NOT FIGHTING A BEGINNER THIS TIME!
THWAK!
I WAS A FOOL! HE'S EVERY BIT MY EQUAL!
MY SWORD IS STILL THE GREATER WEAPON! I ONLY NEED ONE GOOD THRUST--!

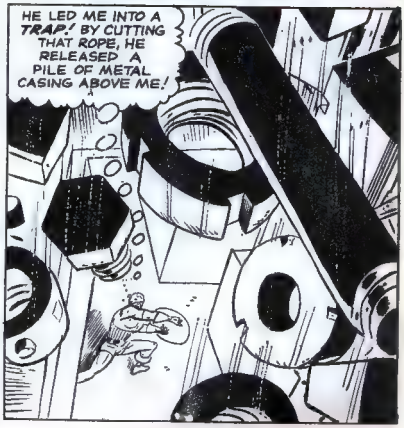
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, TENSION RUNS HIGH AT AVENGERS H.Q. ...
YOU MUST LOCATE HIM, PIETRO! HE MAY NEED US!
I'M TRYING, WANDA -- BUT I CAN REACH HIM ON NONE OF OUR NORMAL WAVELENGTHS!
WE'LL HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE!

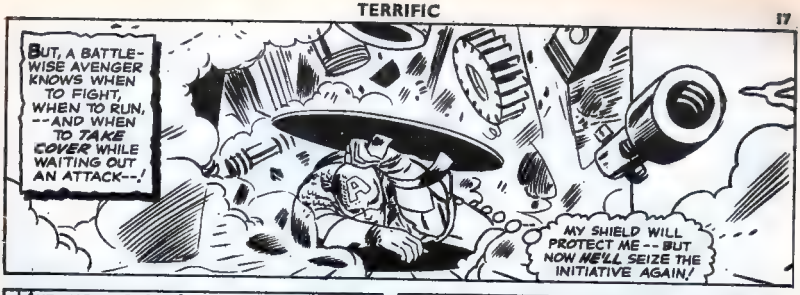
INDEED? WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST, SMART ONE??
HOLD YOUR TEMPER, MY BROTHER!
GET THAT CHIP OFF YOUR SHOULDER AND TRY YOUR TRACER BEAM, SPEEDY!
THE TRACER BEAM! OF COURSE!


TONY STARK MADE THIS FOR US! I HAD FORGOTTEN!
I'LL ZERO IT IN ON THE HIDDEN DISC CAP WEARS IN HIS BELT!


SCANT SECONDS LATER...
NOW, ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS LET THE SIGNAL BEAM LEAD US TO HIM!
I HOPE WE WON'T BE-- TOO LATE!

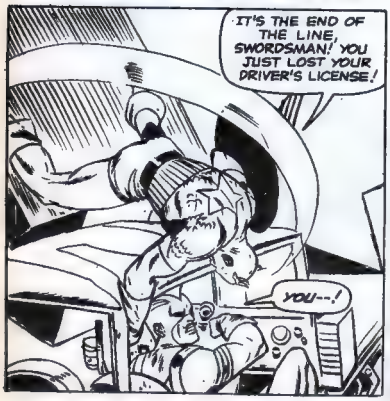

AND, AS THE AVENGERS SPEED TO THE WAREHOUSE...
NO WONDER HIS FAME IS WORLD-WIDE! USING NOTHING BUT THAT SHIELD, HE'S MORE DANGEROUS THAN A REGIMENT!
THIK!
BUT, THIS WILL STOP HIM NOW!


HE LED ME INTO A TRAP! BY CUTTING THAT ROPE, HE RELEASED A PILE OF METAL CASING ABOVE ME!


BUT, A BATTLE-WISE AVENGER KNOWS WHEN TO FIGHT, WHEN TO RUN, --AND WHEN TO TAKE COVER WHILE WAITING OUT AN ATTACK--!
MY SHIELD WILL PROTECT ME -- BUT NOW HE'LL SEIZE THE INITIATIVE AGAIN!

AND, CAP IS RIGHT! FOR, SECONDS LATER...
HE'S HEADING FOR ME IN THAT MECHANIZED HYDRAULIC LIFT -- TRYING TO BURY ME UNDER THOSE TWO-TON CRATES!!

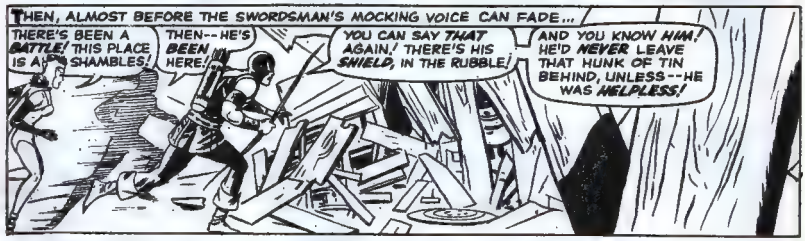
WITH SPLIT-SECOND TIMING, THE RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE AVENGER EXECUTES THE TYPE OF DAZZLING MANOEUVRE WHICH HAS MADE HIM A LIVING LEGEND IN HIS OWN TIME!
BUT, I'VE GOT OTHER PLANS --AND THE TRAINING TO CARRY THEM OUT!


IT'S THE END OF THE LINE, SWORDSMAN! YOU JUST LOST YOUR DRIVER'S LICENSE!
YOU--!

BUT, BEFORE CAP CAN GRAB THE CONTROLS, THE SOLID STEEL MACHINE PLOUGHS INTO A SECTION OF WEIGHTED CRATES, AND...
BARO
WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK FOR ME! I'M PROTECTED BY BEING INSIDE THIS CAB -- BUT HE ISN'T!!

YOU FOUGHT WELL, CAPTAIN AMERICA--BUT LADY LUCK WAS IN MY CORNER TODAY!

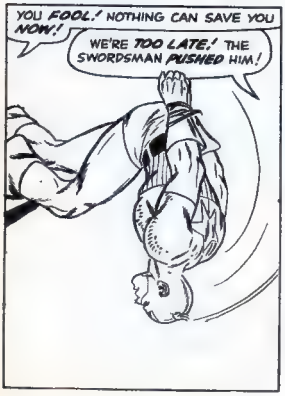
UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, YOUR FELLOW AVENGERS WILL BE HERE BEFORE LONG!
WHAT A PITY THEY'LL BE TOO LATE!
WE'LL REACH THE ROOF WITHIN SECONDS--AND THEN, NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU!


THEN, ALMOST BEFORE THE SWORDSMAN'S MOCKING VOICE CAN FADE...
THERE'S BEEN A BATTLE! THIS PLACE IS A SHAMBLES!
THEN--HE'S BEEN HERE!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN! THERE'S HIS SHIELD, IN THE RUBBLE!
AND YOU KNOW HIM! HE'D NEVER LEAVE THAT HUNK OF TIN BEHIND, UNLESS--HE WAS HELPLESS!

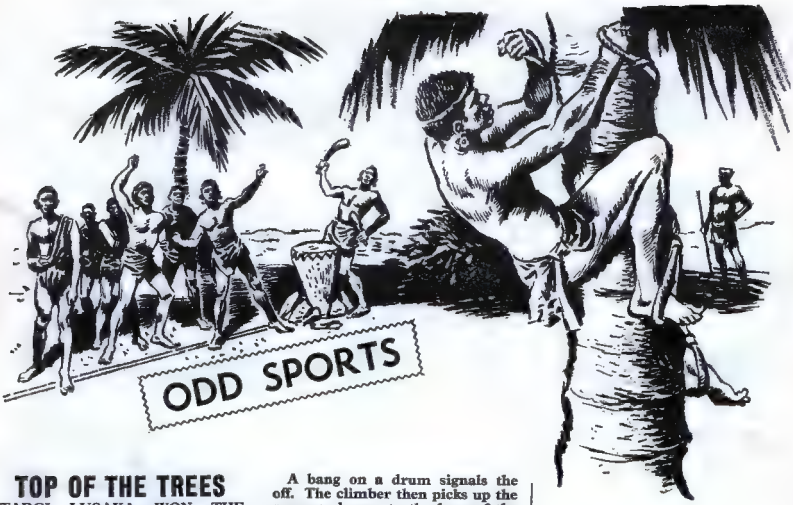
QUICKLY, PIETRO! YOU HAD BETTER RACE AROUND AND TRY TO--PIETRO!
I HAVE ALREADY DONE IT, WANDA! HE IS NOWHERE INSIDE THIS BUILDING!

YOU'RE BLAMED RIGHT HE ISN'T! I SEE HIM!! LOOK--HE'S UP THERE!
OH, NO--!

DON'T MOVE, QUICKSILVER! DON'T REACH FOR AN ARROW, HAWKEYE! DON'T TRY A HEX, WITCH! I HOLD THE HIGH CARD NOW!
ONE PROD OF MY BLADE, AND CAPTAIN AMERICA PLUNGES TO HIS DOOM!



AND SO, THE NEW AVENGERS FACE THEIR FIRST IMPENDING TRAGEDY! YET, SOMETIMES THE FLAMES OF GLORY CAN RISE FROM THE ASHES OF DEFEAT! DON'T DARE MISS OUR GRIPPING SEQUEL NEXT ISSUE--THE TALE HISTORY WILL LONG REMEMBER AS--"VENGEANCE IS OURS!"



TOP OF THE TREES

TARGI LUSAKA WON THE TREE - CLIMBING CHAMPIONSHIP of his Fijian island by swarming to the top of a 120 foot palm tree in the record time of 2 minutes and 45 seconds.

The tallest tree on the island is chosen for the course and competitors draw numbered slips of paper for the order in which to climb. The starting-point is a line marked on the ground 50 feet from the base of the tree.

Each competitor, in numerical order, stands behind this line and has in front of him two lengths of rope, at the ends of each is a loop.

A bang on a drum signals the off. The climber then picks up the ropes and runs to the base of the tree. There he inserts his feet into the loops on the ends of one rope. The other rope he places round the tree and puts his hands through the loops.

He then scales the tree by first resting on the foot rope, reaching up with the hand rope and pulling himself up. He holds on with the hand rope, gets himself higher with the foot rope, and so on until he reaches the top.

His time for the climb is taken from the starting-point, so that he has to be a good sprinter as well as an expert climber.

Up-hill bowls

Bowls with a difference was played recently at a small town in South Africa. Instead of bowling on a flat green, the players bowled their woods for half a mile to the top of the smooth slope of a hill.

The contest was a slow test of agility. Not only did the wood not travel very far, but it started rolling back when it lost its forward momentum.

Consequently, the players had to run after their bowls and catch them before they rolled very far down the hill. The winner triumphantly reached the summit in just under two hours.

WORLD'S MOST GRUELLING SKI-RACE!

Every year on the first Sunday in March, over 6,000 skiers from all over the world line up on a frozen field at Salen in Sweden for the start of the Vasaloppet. This is the name of the most gruelling ski-race in the world, and only men in tip-top condition have any hope of passing the finishing post.

The course is over a distance of 54 miles, and competitors have to glide and scrabble on their skis up and down hills, across plains, through dense forests, and along the edges of lakes.

Anyone is eligible to enter the race provided he is at least 22 years old, is physically fit, and is a member of a recognised sports club. Because of the huge number of entrants, the beginning of the race tends to become a shambles when the starter's gun booms for the off, at 7.45 a.m.

Very often a skier trips and falls at the start because someone has stepped on his skis. Others immediately behind him cannot stop, and there is a pile-up of skis, legs and waving arms. More often than not there are broken limbs and ribs.

Before long, however, the best skiers spring out ahead with arms and legs swinging in graceful rhythm. Across open country, the skiers have plenty of room and fan out, but as the tracks through the woods narrow, the fastest contestants are in single file almost ski to ski.

It is not a polite race, but a matter of every man for himself. More than one competitor topples out of the race because he tries to pass an opponent at speed.

There are check points every ten miles where the skiers can stop for refreshments. Last year, the skiers fortified themselves with 5,000 pints of milk and 20,000 oranges.

First man past the winning-post gets a gold medal, and there are bronze medals for all who finish within half the time again of the victor. Every man who completes the course gets a certificate.

The best time for the race was in 1966, when Janne Stefansson, Sweden's top cross-country skier, covered the 54-mile course in 5 hours, 52 minutes and 38 seconds.

ROLLING IN THE MONEY

Men were rolling in the money recently in a small Queensland town where a penny-rolling contest was held for a prize of £5.

Two parallel lines were painted 15 inches apart on a 50-foot length of pavement. The object of the exercise was for each competitor in turn to roll a penny on its edge between the lines. When the penny fell over, it was picked up again and given another roll, this was repeated until the penny passed the finishing post.

The winner was the man who took the least time to get his penny from start to finish in the least number of rolls.

Competitors were timed with a stop watch, and there were strict rules. If, for example, a penny rolled over one of the parallel lines, the competitor was disqualified.

The £5 prize was collected by a youth of 17, who completed the course in 12 minutes with 16 rolls of his penny. The runner up took three minutes longer and six more rolls.

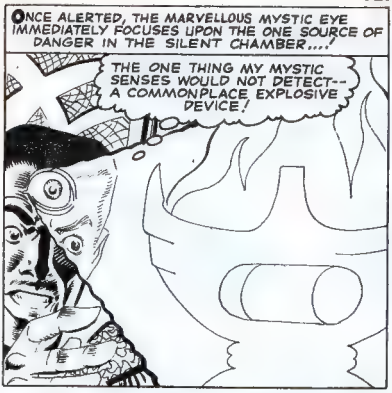
Dr. STRANGE, MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!

"THOSE WHO WOULD DESTROY ME!"

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE WHO CAME IN LATE: **DR. STRANGE** (THE GOOD GUY!) HAS JUST DEFEATED **DORMAMMU** (THE BAD GUY!) IN COMBAT! BUT, BEFORE HE CAN RETURN HOME, THREE MORE BADDIES HIDE A **BOMB** IN DOC'S GREENWICH VILLAGE PAD! CLEVERLY, THEY MAKE IT A PLAIN, EVERYDAY, TICK-TOCK BOMB, WITH NOTHING MYSTICAL ABOUT IT, SO DOC'S MAGIC POWERS DON'T REACT TO IT! AND NOW, YOU KNOW AS MUCH AS **WE** DO! (WHICH ISN'T **HARD!**)

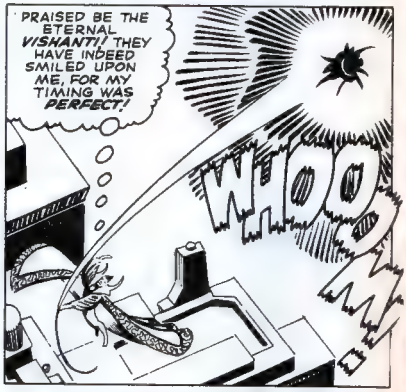
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1965

DON'T MISS ANOTHER SECOND! FOLLOW THE WORLD'S **STRANGEST** HERO INTO **ACTION... NOW!**


ONCE ALERTED, THE MARVELLOUS MYSTIC EYE IMMEDIATELY FOCUSES UPON THE ONE SOURCE OF DANGER IN THE SILENT CHAMBER....!
THE ONE THING MY MYSTIC SENSES WOULD NOT DETECT-- A COMMONPLACE EXPLOSIVE DEVICE!

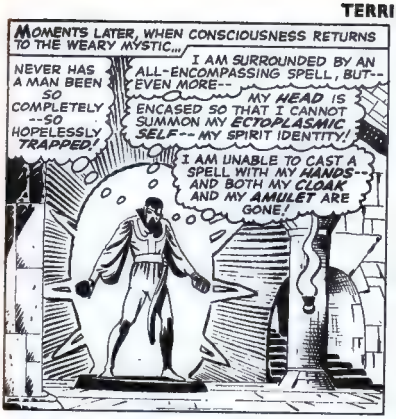
SUCH A PHYSICAL MENACE CAN ONLY BE COMBATED IN A PURELY PHYSICAL MANNER--!

I CANNOT PREVENT IT FROM EXPLODING, BUT--AIDED BY MY CLOAK OF LEVITATION, I CAN TAKE IT FAR ABOVE THE CITY--

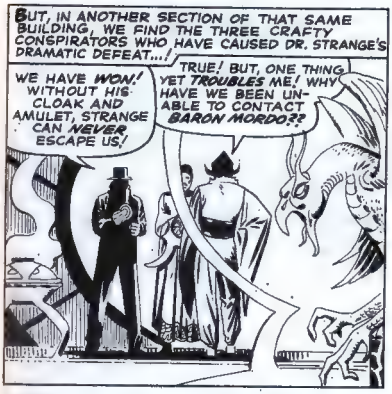

PRAISED BE THE ETERNAL VISHANTI! THEY HAVE INDEED SMILED UPON ME, FOR MY TIMING WAS PERFECT!
WHOOOM

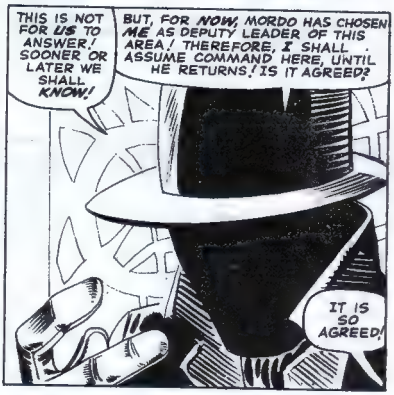
BUT, ALTHOUGH THE MASTER OF BLACK MAGIC HAS SAVED HIMSELF FROM INSTANT ANNIHILATION, THE ENSUING SHOCK WAVES FROM THE DEAFENING BLAST HURL HIM ABOUT LIKE A FEATHER--!
UHHHH--!

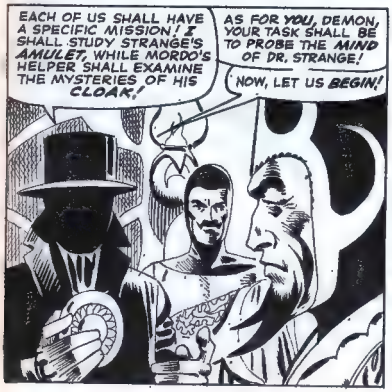
...AS, FROM A NEIGHBOURING ROOFTOP, THE THREE WOULD-BE ASSASSINS ATTACK AGAIN-- MORE DESPERATELY THAN EVER!
QUICKLY, WHILE HE'S HELPLESS-- USE YOUR STRONGEST SPELLS UPON HIS CLOAK-- TO BRING HIM TO US!

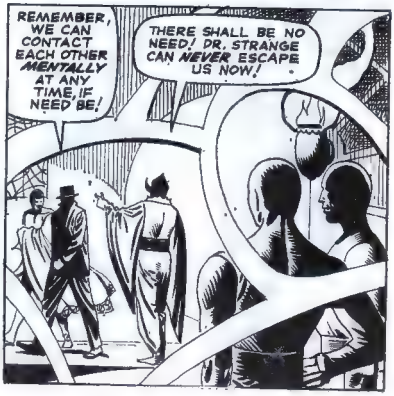

MOMENTS LATER, WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS TO THE WEARY MYSTIC...
NEVER HAS A MAN BEEN SO COMPLETELY --SO HOPELESSLY TRAPPED!
I AM SURROUNDED BY AN ALL-ENCOMPASSING SPELL, BUT--EVEN MORE--
MY HEAD IS ENCASED SO THAT I CANNOT SUMMON MY ECTOPLASMIC SELF--MY SPIRIT IDENTITY!
I AM UNABLE TO CAST A SPELL WITH MY HANDS--AND BOTH MY CLOAK AND MY AMULET ARE GONE!

AND, THE FINAL--THE MOST CRUSHING INDIGNITY, IS THAT I DO NOT EVEN SUSPECT WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR MY HELPLESS PLIGHT!

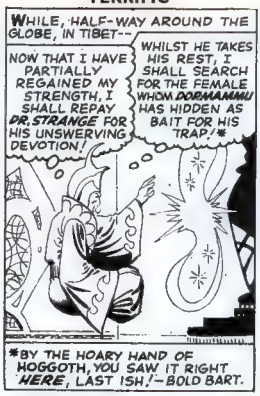

BUT, IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THAT SAME BUILDING, WE FIND THE THREE CRAFTY CONSPIRATORS WHO HAVE CAUSED DR. STRANGE'S DRAMATIC DEFEAT...!
WE HAVE WON! WITHOUT HIS CLOAK AND AMULET, STRANGE CAN NEVER ESCAPE US!
TRUE! BUT, ONE THING YET TROUBLES ME! WHY HAVE WE BEEN UNABLE TO CONTACT BARON MORDO??

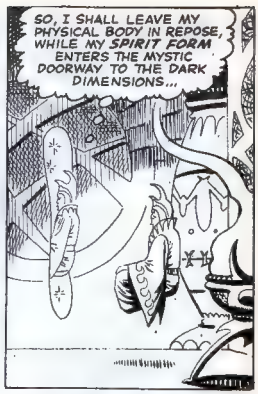

THIS IS NOT FOR US TO ANSWER! SOONER OR LATER WE SHALL KNOW!
BUT, FOR NOW, MORDO HAS CHOSEN ME AS DEPUTY LEADER OF THIS AREA! THEREFORE, I SHALL ASSUME COMMAND HERE, UNTIL HE RETURNS! IS IT AGREED?
IT IS SO AGREED!

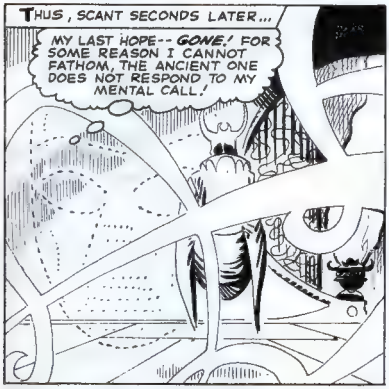

EACH OF US SHALL HAVE A SPECIFIC MISSION! I SHALL STUDY STRANGE'S AMULET, WHILE MORDO'S HELPER SHALL EXAMINE THE MYSTERIES OF HIS CLOAK!
AS FOR YOU, DEMON, YOUR TASK SHALL BE TO PROBE THE MIND OF DR. STRANGE!
NOW, LET US BEGIN!


REMEMBER, WE CAN CONTACT EACH OTHER MENTALLY AT ANY TIME, IF NEED BE!
THERE SHALL BE NO NEED! DR. STRANGE CAN NEVER ESCAPE US NOW!

BUT, TO THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS, THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS SURRENDER--
THERE IS STILL ONE POWER THEY HAVE NOT TAKEN FROM ME! THE POWER OF-- TELEPATHY!
ALL I NEED DO IS SEND ONE THOUGHT PAST THE SPELL WHICH BINDS ME--TO THE ANCIENT ONE!


WHILE, HALF-WAY AROUND THE GLOBE, IN TIBET--
NOW THAT I HAVE PARTIALLY REGAINED MY STRENGTH, I SHALL REPAY DR. STRANGE FOR HIS UNSWERVING DEVOTION!
WHILST HE TAKES HIS REST, I SHALL SEARCH FOR THE FEMALE WHOM DORMAMMU HAS HIDDEN AS BAIT FOR HIS TRAP!*
*BY THE HOARY HAND OF HOGGOTH, YOU SAW IT RIGHT HERE, LAST ISH!—BOLD BART.


SO, I SHALL LEAVE MY PHYSICAL BODY IN REPOSE, WHILE MY SPIRIT FORM ENTERS THE MYSTIC DOORWAY TO THE DARK DIMENSIONS...


THUS, SCANT SECONDS LATER...
MY LAST HOPE-- GONE! FOR SOME REASON I CANNOT FATHOM, THE ANCIENT ONE DOES NOT RESPOND TO MY MENTAL CALL!

IF I AM EVER TO ESCAPE-- EVER TO WREST VICTORY FROM THE ICY GRIP OF DEFEAT--I MUST DO IT ALONE!
SO! THE GREAT DR. STRANGE! THE SO-CALLED MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS! NOW, YOU ARE HELPLESS BEFORE ME!

I MUST DETERMINE WHETHER HE HAS BEEN WEAKENED ENOUGH FOR MY MIND PROBE TO PENETRATE!
MENTAL IMPULSES-- LIGHTLY BRUSHING AGAINST MY BRAIN! I MUST PRETEND I'M UNABLE TO RESIST--!

HE CANNOT SUSPECT HOW INFINITELY MORE POWERFUL MY MIND IS THAN HIS!
THEREFORE, I CAN AFFORD TO ALLOW HIM TO PROBE--WHILE MY THOUGHTS USE HIS OWN MENTAL SCANNING PATH TO REACH HIS BRAIN!

AND THEN, BEFORE THE DISTRAUGHT DEMON CAN PREPARE A DEFENCE--!
HIS THOUGHTS HAVE ENTERED MY BRAIN! THEY'RE TOO STRONG--TOO POWERFUL--I CANNOT CONTROL THEM!

I'VE GOT YOU! THOUGH I CANNOT SEE YOU, YOU ARE FAR MORE MY PRISONER THAN I AM YOURS! YOU MUST OBEY MY WILL--MY EVERY COMMAND!

DR. STRANGE IS TRULY MY MASTER! HIS WILL IS MY WILL--MY EVERY COMMAND!
NOW, BY THE SEVEN RINGS OF RAGGADORR, THERE SHALL BE A RECKONING!

FIRST, THE SPELL WHICH SURROUNDS ME MUST BE DESTROYED! THAT IS MY COMMAND!
IT SHALL BE DONE!

BY THE MYSTIC MOONS OF MUNNOPOR--BY THE DEMONS OF NIGHT AND DAY--
BY THE FLAMES OF THE FLAWLESS FALTINE--LET YON SPELL BE DISSOLVED AWAY!
HE DID IT! I CAN MOVE MY ARMS AGAIN!

BUT NOW, WE VISIT ANOTHER PART OF TOWN, WHERE WE FIND...
HOW TRULY PLEASED WILL MORDO BE WITH THE TRIUMPH OF HIS LOYAL DEPUTY!

BUT, IF I CAN FATHOM THE SECRET OF DR. STRANGE'S AMULET, I SHALL NOT NEED MORDO'S GOOD WILL! MY POWER WOULD THEN BE FAR GREATER THAN HIS!

BUT THEN, SUDDENLY...
SOMETHING HAS BROKEN MY MENTAL CONTACT WITH THE DEMON! IT CAN ONLY MEAN THAT STRANGE IS FIGHTING BACK!
I MUST VIEW THE SCENE, IMMEDIATELY—THROUGH THE POWER OF MY MIND!

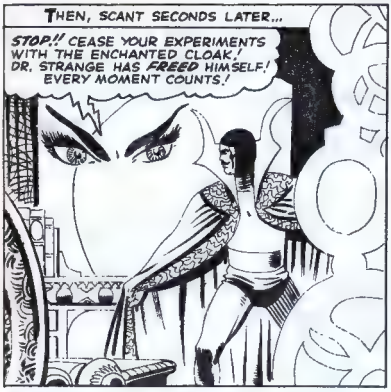
JUST AS I FEARED! DR. STRANGE HAS FORCED HIS ERSTWHILE CAPTOR TO BREAK THE SPELL!
BUT, THERE IS STILL TIME FOR ME TO PREVENT A COMPLETE DISASTER!

HE MUST NOT ESCAPE US! AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL--HE MUST LEARN NOTHING ABOUT US!

NOW THAT THE SPELL HAS BEEN DISSOLVED, I COMMAND YOU TO REMOVE THE ENCUMBRANCES FROM MY HEAD AND HANDS, AND THEN--
WHAT IS THIS??! THE CONTACT HAS BEEN BROKEN! SOMETHING HAS INTERFERED!

THOUGH MY BODY IS NOW LIBERATED, I STILL CANNOT SEE, OR SPEAK!
BUT, WITH THE SPELL DISSOLVED, I CAN NOW RESORT TO MY SPIRIT FORM--I AM SIGHTLESS NO LONGER!
SOMEONE, OR SOMETHING, HAS PUT THE DEMON IN A STONY TRANCE! I CANNOT BREAK IT TILL MY PHYSICAL SELF IS FULLY FREE!

AND, AT THAT VERY MOMENT...
ATTENTION! YOUR MASTER, THE DEMON, IS IN NEED OF ASSISTANCE! YOU MUST GO TO HIM AT ONCE!
WE HEAR--AND OBEY!


THEN, SCANT SECONDS LATER...
STOP!! CEASE YOUR EXPERIMENTS WITH THE ENCHANTED CLOAK! DR. STRANGE HAS FREED HIMSELF! EVERY MOMENT COUNTS!

THERE! IT IS DONE! WITHOUT HIS MYSTIC DEVICES TO AID HIM, DR. STRANGE CANNOT ESCAPE THE OTHERS! AND SO, I CAN RETURN TO THE STUDY OF HIS AMULET!

BUT, EVEN THOUGH HIS PHYSICAL BODY IS STILL ALMOST HELPLESS, THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS PUTS HIS SPIRIT SELF INTO IMMEDIATE ACTION....!
MY FIRST TASK IS TO EXPLORE MY SURROUNDINGS AND LEARN AS MUCH AS I CAN OF THE DANGERS ABOUT ME!

IT'S ALL CLEAR SO FAR! NOW TO GUIDE MY PHYSICAL BODY BY MENTAL COMMAND--!

THOUGH I CANNOT SEE THROUGH THIS ENCHANTED HEAD MASK, MY SPIRIT SELF CAN MENTALLY DIRECT ME--!
BUT, I MUST MOVE SLOWLY--CAREFULLY--!

SLOWLY--SLOWLY-- NOW STOP! I MUST GET MY BEARINGS! AH, THAT LOOKS LIKE AN EXIT--STRAIGHT AHEAD!

FOOTSTEPS-- BEHIND ME! I MUST LEAVE MY BODY HERE WHILE I INVESTIGATE!

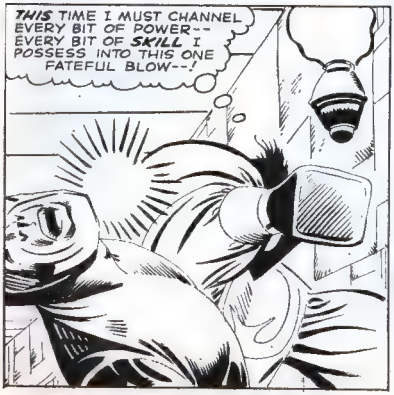
ONE OF MORDO'S FOLLOWERS!
IN MY SPIRIT FORM I CANNOT CAPTURE HIM--AND, IT IS TOO LATE TO HIDE!

HE'S SEEN ME! I COULD NEVER MOVE MY PHYSICAL SELF AWAY IN TIME!
I'VE ONLY ONE CHANCE -- AND MY TIMING MUST BE PERFECT!
WHILE MY SPIRIT FORM CANNOT STRIKE A LIVING BEING, MY PHYSICAL BODY CAN--WITH MY GUIDANCE!

HE'S COMING! MY TWO SELVES MUST MERGE NOW, FOR GREATER POWER!
EVERYTHING DEPENDS UPON THIS BLOW! MAY THE SHADES OF THE SERAPHIM NOW GUIDE MY HAND--!
AHHH! I SUCCEEDED!

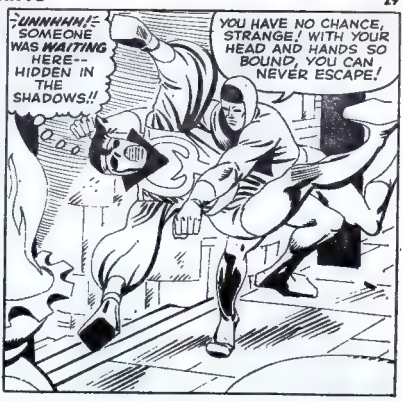
GUIDED BY MY SPIRIT SELF, THE BLOW WASN'T POWERFUL ENOUGH TO STOP HIM--BUT IT DID SLOW HIM DOWN!
NOW--PERHAPS I CAN MAKE HIM PAUSE A SECOND LONGER, BY DIRECTING A SPELL OF CONFUSION TO HIS BRAIN!

GOOD! IT ALLOWED ME THE TIME I NEED TO BRACE FOR MY NEXT ATTACK--!


THIS TIME I MUST CHANNEL EVERY BIT OF POWER-- EVERY BIT OF SKILL I POSSESS INTO THIS ONE FATEFUL BLOW--!

THE VISHANTI BE PRAISED! HE IS NO LONGER CONSCIOUS!
BUT, I CANNOT AFFORD TO STOP! EACH PASSING SECOND IS MORE PRECIOUS THAN THE CRIMSON BANDS OF CYTTORAK THEMSELVES!

I'LL FEEL MY WAY UP TO THE TOP OF THE STAIRS! ONCE I REACH THE LANDING, I'LL TRY TO GET MY BEARINGS!

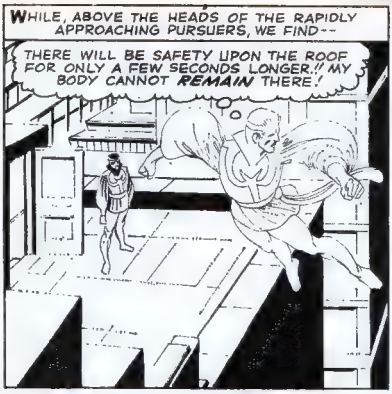

UNNNHH!-- SOMEONE WAS WAITING HERE-- HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS!!
YOU HAVE NO CHANCE, STRANGE! WITH YOUR HEAD AND HANDS SO BOUND, YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE!

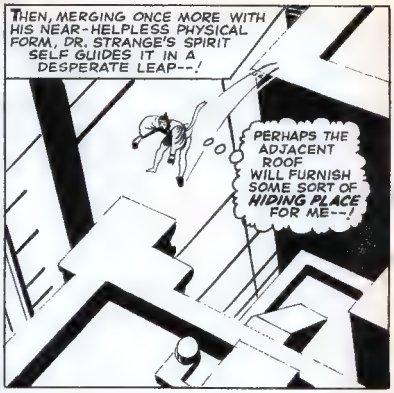
I WAS A FOOL TO PROCEED WITHOUT MY SPIRIT IMAGE SEARCHING FOR HIDDEN DANGER!
BUT WAIT! PERHAPS MY OTHER SELF MAY YET BE OF SERVICE--!

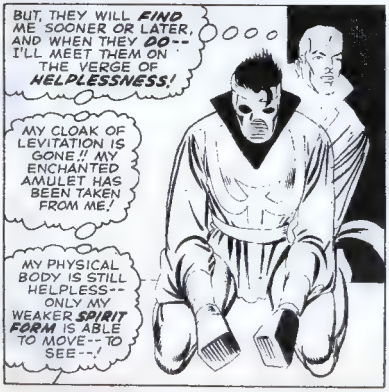
THE LAST THING HE'LL EXPECT TO SEE NOW IS MY ECTOPLASMIC SELF! IF THE SHOCK PROVES TO BE BIG ENOUGH TO HIM--!
BY THE SHADES OF THE SHADOWY DEMONS!

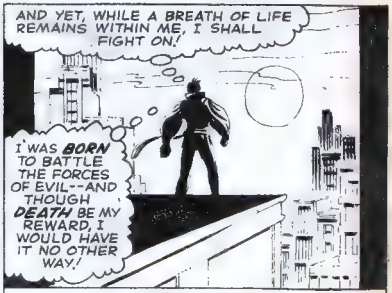
MY LUCK STILL HOLDS OUT! PERHAPS THERE IS STILL A CHANCE--!!

BUT, EVEN THAT SLIGHT POSSIBILITY SEEMS TO BE SNUFFED OUT AS DEMONIAC REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE!!
GUARD ALL EXITS!! LEAVE NOT A STONE UNTURNED TILL STRANGE IS FOUND!!









NEXT ISSUE } ALONE, AND UNAIDED, DOCTOR STRANGE CONTINUES TO FIGHT--AS FEW MORTALS HAVE EVER FOUGHT BEFORE!! AND THEN, WHEN ALL HOPE SEEMS LOST--- WHY NOT SEE IT FOR YOURSELF?

Tales of THE WATCHER

"THE WAY IT BEGAN..."

IN A TENSION-FILLED OPERATING ROOM, GRIM-FACED DOCTORS LABOUR VALIANTLY TO SAVE A HUMAN LIFE!

HIS HEART'S GROWING WEAKER! WE MUST WORK QUICKLY!

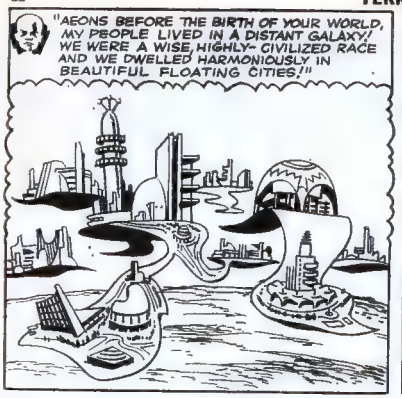
BUT, UNKNOWN TO THE DEDICATED SURGEONS, THEIR EVERY MOVE IS BEING OBSERVED BY INHUMAN EYES... THE EYES OF... THE *WATCHER!*

MY BRAIN IS SO ADVANCED--MY STORE OF KNOWLEDGE SO VAST--THAT I COULD EASILY TELL THEM HOW TO SAVE THE PATIENT'S LIFE! BUT I MUST RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO HELP THESE LESSER BEINGS! I DARE NOT INTERFERE WITH THEIR DESTINY!

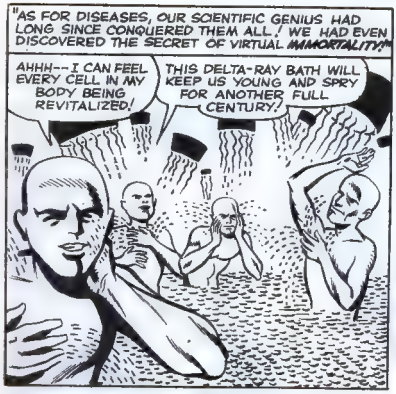
ALAS, THAT IS MY CURSE! I AM FOREVER DOOMED ONLY TO *WATCH* THE UNIVERSE AND RECORD ITS COUNTLESS EVENTS, WITHOUT EVER TAKING AN ACTIVE PART IN THE ENDLESS COSMIC DRAMA!

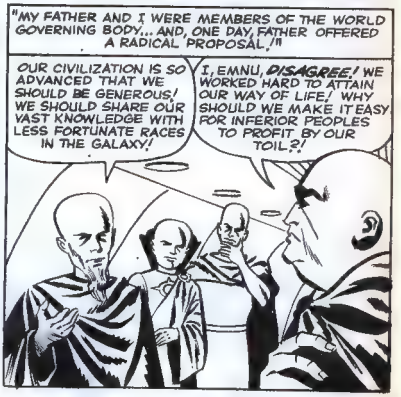
BUT IT WAS NOT *ALWAYS* THUS! ONCE, BACK IN THE AGELESS PAST, IT WAS DIFFERENT... VERY DIFFERENT...

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.1954

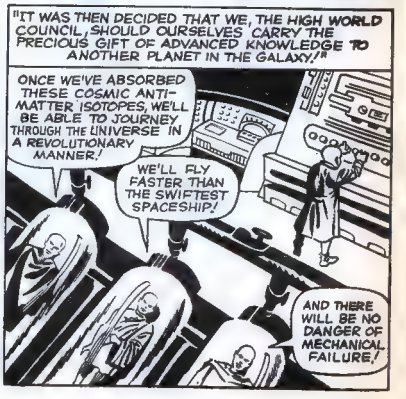

"AEONS BEFORE THE BIRTH OF YOUR WORLD, MY PEOPLE LIVED IN A DISTANT GALAXY! WE WERE A WISE, HIGHLY- CIVILIZED RACE AND WE DWELLED HARMONIOUSLY IN BEAUTIFUL FLOATING CITIES!"

"THANKS TO OUR ADVANCED INTELLIGENCE AND HIGH MORALITY, WE HAD NO WAR OR CRIME! EVEN DISHONESTY WAS UNKNOWN TO US!"
OURS IS THE ONLY RACE IN THE COSMOS THAT CAN LEAVE ITS WEALTH UNGUARDED -- ON DISPLAY -- WITHOUT FEAR OF ITS BEING STOLEN!


"AS FOR DISEASES, OUR SCIENTIFIC GENIUS HAD LONG SINCE CONQUERED THEM ALL! WE HAD EVEN DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY!"
AHHH -- I CAN FEEL EVERY CELL IN MY BODY BEING REVITALIZED!
THIS DELTA-RAY BATH WILL KEEP US YOUNG AND SPRY FOR ANOTHER FULL CENTURY!


"MY FATHER AND I WERE MEMBERS OF THE WORLD GOVERNING BODY... AND, ONE DAY, FATHER OFFERED A RADICAL PROPOSAL!"
OUR CIVILIZATION IS SO ADVANCED THAT WE SHOULD BE GENEROUS! WE SHOULD SHARE OUR VAST KNOWLEDGE WITH LESS FORTUNATE RACES IN THE GALAXY!
I, EMNU, DISAGREE! WE WORKED HARD TO ATTAIN OUR WAY OF LIFE! WHY SHOULD WE MAKE IT EASY FOR INFERIOR PEOPLES TO PROFIT BY OUR TOIL?!

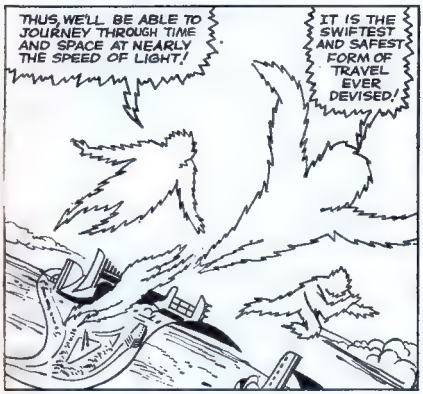
COME NOW, EMNU! WE MUST NOT BE SELFISH! I AGREE WITH MY FATHER!
SO DO I!
VERY WELL, SINCE I'M OUTVOTED, I'LL GO ALONG WITH THE MOTION -- RELUCTANTLY!


"IT WAS THEN DECIDED THAT WE, THE HIGH WORLD COUNCIL, SHOULD OURSELVES CARRY THE PRECIOUS GIFT OF ADVANCED KNOWLEDGE TO ANOTHER PLANET IN THE GALAXY!"
ONCE WE'VE ABSORBED THESE COSMIC ANTI-MATTER ISOTOPES, WE'LL BE ABLE TO JOURNEY THROUGH THE UNIVERSE IN A REVOLUTIONARY MANNER!
WE'LL FLY FASTER THAN THE SWIFTEST SPACESHIP!
AND THERE WILL BE NO DANGER OF MECHANICAL FAILURE!

OUR TREATMENTS ARE COMPLETE! NOW WE ARE READY FOR OUR INTERGALACTIC VOYAGE!
ALL WE NEED TO DO IS FOCUS OUR THOUGHTS--CONCENTRATE DEEPLY!

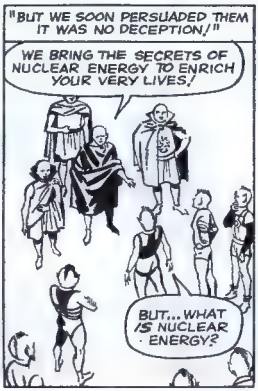
IT'S HAPPENING!
OUR BODIES ARE TRANSFORMING INTO LIVING ENERGY!!

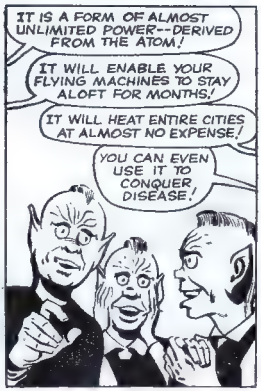
...ENERGY THAT WE CAN DIRECT WITH OUR MENTAL IMPULSES!

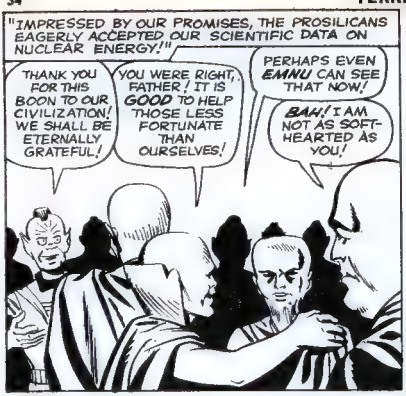

THUS, WE'LL BE ABLE TO JOURNEY THROUGH TIME AND SPACE AT NEARLY THE SPEED OF LIGHT!
IT IS THE SWIFTEST AND SAFEST FORM OF TRAVEL EVER DEVISED!

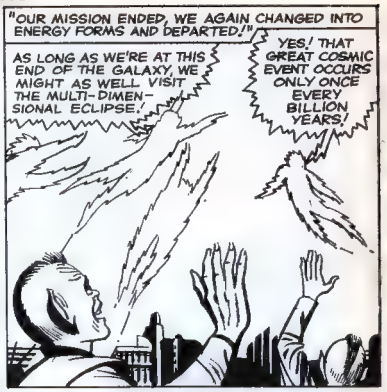
"BUT, EVEN AT SUCH INCREDIBLE SPEEDS, IT TOOK MONTHS FOR US TO REACH THE NEXT INHABITED WORLD!"
THERE IS PROSILICUS! BY OUR STANDARDS, THEIR CIVILIZATION IS QUITE PRIMITIVE!
BUT OUR HELP WILL MAKE THEM CENTURIES MORE ADVANCED!

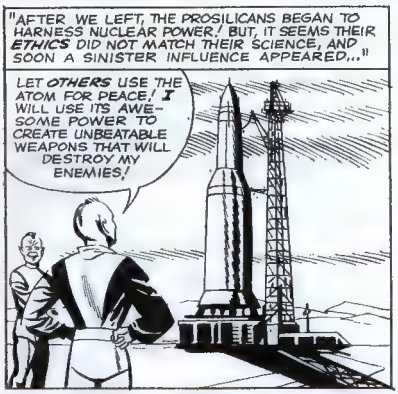
WE HAD BETTER ASSUME OUR PHYSICAL FORM TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE PROSILICANS!
LOOK! BEINGS APPEARING OUT OF THIN AIR! IT MUST BE SOME KIND OF ILLUSION!


"BUT WE SOON PERSUADED THEM IT WAS NO DECEPTION!"
WE BRING THE SECRETS OF NUCLEAR ENERGY TO ENRICH YOUR VERY LIVES!
BUT... WHAT IS NUCLEAR ENERGY?


IT IS A FORM OF ALMOST UNLIMITED POWER--DERIVED FROM THE ATOM!
IT WILL ENABLE YOUR FLYING MACHINES TO STAY ALOFT FOR MONTHS!
IT WILL HEAT ENTIRE CITIES AT ALMOST NO EXPENSE!
YOU CAN EVEN USE IT TO CONQUER DISEASE!

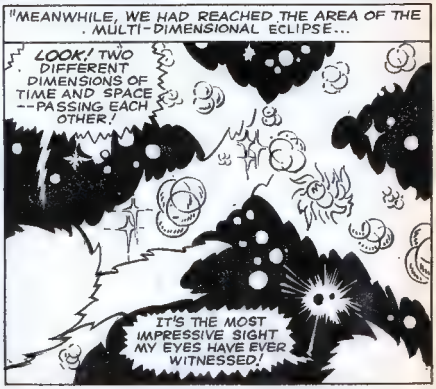

"IMPRESSED BY OUR PROMISES, THE PROSILICANS EAGERLY ACCEPTED OUR SCIENTIFIC DATA ON NUCLEAR ENERGY!"
THANK YOU FOR THIS BOON TO OUR CIVILIZATION! WE SHALL BE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL!
YOU WERE RIGHT, FATHER! IT IS GOOD TO HELP THOSE LESS FORTUNATE THAN OURSELVES!
PERHAPS EVEN EMNU CAN SEE THAT NOW!
BAH! I AM NOT AS SOFT-HEARTED AS YOU!


"OUR MISSION ENDED, WE AGAIN CHANGED INTO ENERGY FORMS AND DEPARTED!"
AS LONG AS WE'RE AT THIS END OF THE GALAXY, WE MIGHT AS WELL VISIT THE MULTI-DIMENSIONAL ECLIPSE!
YES! THAT GREAT COSMIC EVENT OCCURS ONLY ONCE EVERY BILLION YEARS!

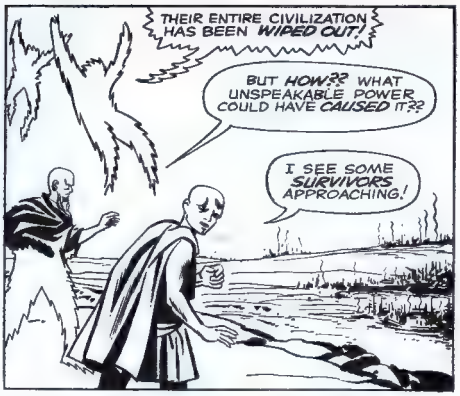

"AFTER WE LEFT, THE PROSILICANS BEGAN TO HARNESS NUCLEAR POWER! BUT, IT SEEMS THEIR ETHICS DID NOT MATCH THEIR SCIENCE, AND SOON A SINISTER INFLUENCE APPEARED..."
LET OTHERS USE THE ATOM FOR PEACE! I WILL USE ITS AWESOME POWER TO CREATE UNBEATABLE WEAPONS THAT WILL DESTROY MY ENEMIES!

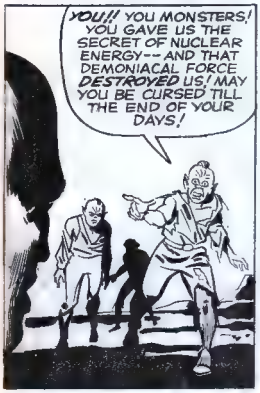
"IN TIME, ALL THE WARRING FACTIONS ON PROSILICUS DEVELOPED NUCLEAR WEAPONS... AND WITH THEM, ONCE SMALL BATTLES NOW BECAME MAJOR HOLOCAUSTS!"
IT ONLY TOOK ONE BOMB TO LEVEL THE WHOLE CITY! THAT WILL TEACH THEM WE MEAN BUSINESS!

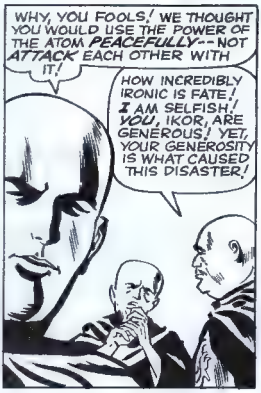
"LIKE AN INCREDIBLE NIGHTMARE, THE CARNAGE SPREAD FROM CONTINENT TO CONTINENT..."

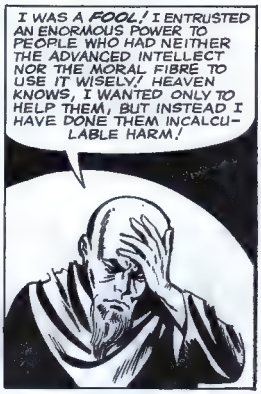

"MEANWHILE, WE HAD REACHED THE AREA OF THE MULTI-DIMENSIONAL ECLIPSE...
LOOK! TWO DIFFERENT DIMENSIONS OF TIME AND SPACE --PASSING EACH OTHER!
IT'S THE MOST IMPRESSIVE SIGHT MY EYES HAVE EVER WITNESSED!

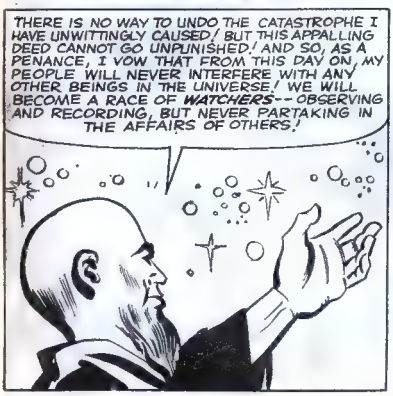
WHEN THE COSMIC PHENOMENON FINALLY ENDED, WE HEADED FOR HOME... WE'RE PASSING PROSILICUS AGAIN!
GREAT STARS! LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE PLANET!
I-I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!!

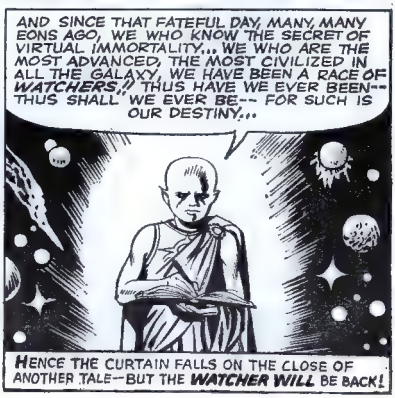

THEIR ENTIRE CIVILIZATION HAS BEEN WIPED OUT!
BUT HOW?? WHAT UNSPEAKABLE POWER COULD HAVE CAUSED IT??
I SEE SOME SURVIVORS APPROACHING!


YOU!! YOU MONSTERS! YOU GAVE US THE SECRET OF NUCLEAR ENERGY-- AND THAT DEMONIACAL FORCE DESTROYED US! MAY YOU BE CURSED TILL THE END OF YOUR DAYS!

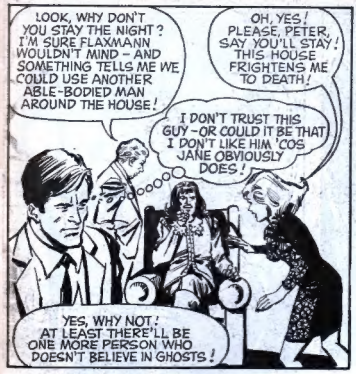

WHY, YOU FOOLS! WE THOUGHT YOU WOULD USE THE POWER OF THE ATOM PEACEFULLY-- NOT ATTACK EACH OTHER WITH IT!
HOW INCREDIBLY IRONIC IS FATE! I AM SELFISH! YOU, IKOR, ARE GENEROUS! YET, YOUR GENEROSITY IS WHAT CAUSED THIS DISASTER!


I WAS A FOOL! I ENTRUSTED AN ENORMOUS POWER TO PEOPLE WHO HAD NEITHER THE ADVANCED INTELLECT NOR THE MORAL FIBRE TO USE IT WISELY! HEAVEN KNOWS, I WANTED ONLY TO HELP THEM, BUT INSTEAD I HAVE DONE THEM INCALCULABLE HARM!


THERE IS NO WAY TO UNDO THE CATASTROPHE I HAVE UNWITTINGLY CAUSED! BUT THIS APPALLING DEED CANNOT GO UNPUNISHED! AND SO, AS A PENANCE, I VOW THAT FROM THIS DAY ON, MY PEOPLE WILL NEVER INTERFERE WITH ANY OTHER BEINGS IN THE UNIVERSE! WE WILL BECOME A RACE OF WATCHERS-- OBSERVING AND RECORDING, BUT NEVER PARTAKING IN THE AFFAIRS OF OTHERS!


AND SINCE THAT FATEFUL DAY, MANY, MANY EONS AGO, WE WHO KNOW THE SECRET OF VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY... WE WHO ARE THE MOST ADVANCED, THE MOST CIVILIZED IN ALL THE GALAXY, WE HAVE BEEN A RACE OF WATCHERS!! THUS HAVE WE EVER BEEN-- THUS SHALL WE EVER BE-- FOR SUCH IS OUR DESTINY...
HENCE THE CURTAIN FALLS ON THE CLOSE OF ANOTHER TALE--BUT THE WATCHER WILL BE BACK!

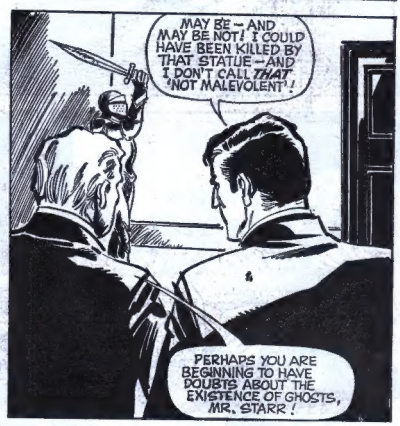
DON STARR HAS AN ...
APPOINTMENT WITH FEAR!
DON STARR ACCOMPANIES PSYCHIC RESEARCHER JERMYN FORSTER AND LOVELY JANE HILTON TO BRATHBY HALL TO INVESTIGATE REPORTS OF HAUNTINGS. THEN STARR SEES A GHOSTLY FIGURE OUTSIDE THE DOOR...
IT'S COLONEL LAWTON! I'VE SEEN PICTURES OF HIM — PAINTED 300 YEARS AGO! BUT IT CAN'T BE HIM!
YOU'RE DARNED RIGHT, IT CAN'T BE — AND THERE'S ONE WAY TO PROVE IT!
WE'LL SEE HOW A 17TH CENTURY GHOST REACTS TO A 20TH CENTURY SOCK ON THE JAW!
DON'T GO AWAY, GHOSTY. WE'RE ALL SUPPOSED TO BE SCARED OF YOU. ONLY THING I'M SCARED OF IS HURTING MY KNUCKLES ON YOUR CHIN!
STOP IT, DON, STOP IT! YOU'VE MADE A DREADFUL MISTAKE! THAT'S PETER RAWLINGS, A FRIEND OF MINE!
I'M SORRY IF I UPSET YOU, JANE. I WAS COMING FROM A FANCY DRESS PARTY AND HEARD YOU'D ARRIVED. I SAW THE LIGHTS ON SO I THOUGHT I'D CALL!
SOME FRIEND IF HE COMES AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT DRESSED IN FANCY DUDS AND MAKING LIKE A GHOST!
PETER IS A DOCTOR WHO LIVES IN THE VILLAGE. HE OFTEN VISITS US. IN FACT HE WANTS TO BUY THE HOUSE TO USE AS A NURSING HOME!
GUESS I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY, RAWLINGS. SEEMS WE'RE ALL A BIT EDGY TONIGHT!

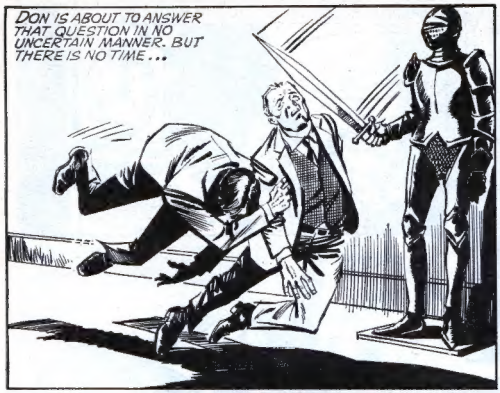

LOOK, WHY DON'T YOU STAY THE NIGHT? I'M SURE FLAXMANN WOULDN'T MIND – AND SOMETHING TELLS ME WE COULD USE ANOTHER ABLE-BODIED MAN AROUND THE HOUSE!
OH, YES! PLEASE, PETER, SAY YOU'LL STAY! THIS HOUSE FRIGHTENS ME TO DEATH!
I DON'T TRUST THIS GUY – OR COULD IT BE THAT I DON'T LIKE HIM 'COS JANE OBVIOUSLY DOES!
YES, WHY NOT! AT LEAST THERE'LL BE ONE MORE PERSON WHO DOESN'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!

THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK STRIKES MIDNIGHT...
TWELVE O'CLOCK! IT IS NOW THE DAY OF THE MASSACRE!
AND TIME WE ALL GOT SOME SLEEP!

AFTER SEEING JANE LOCKED IN HER ROOM, DON AND FORSTER RETURN TO THE LIBRARY...
THERE'S SOMETHING BOTHERING ME AND I'D LIKE YOUR OPINION. IN ALL YOUR PSYCHIC RESEARCH DID YOU EVER...
LOOK OUT!

IT JUST SEEMED TO LEAP OFF THE SHELF! I KNOW OF ONLY ONE THING THAT COULD CAUSE THAT – A POLTERGEIST!
AND WHAT'S THAT IN PLAIN ENGLISH?
'A RESTLESS SPIRIT THAT HAS THE POWER TO MOVE THINGS. MISCHIEVOUS, BUT NOT MALEVOLENT!


MAY BE – AND MAY BE NOT! I COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED BY THAT STATUE – AND I DON'T CALL THAT 'NOT MALEVOLENT'!
PERHAPS YOU ARE BEGINNING TO HAVE DOUBTS ABOUT THE EXISTENCE OF GHOSTS, MR. STARR!


DON IS ABOUT TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION IN NO UNCERTAIN MANNER. BUT THERE IS NO TIME...

THAT SWORD WOULD HAVE SPLIT YOUR SKULL IN TWO, HAD IT LANDED! STILL BELIEVE IN POLTERGEISTS, FORSTER?
BUT THIS IS ABSOLUTELY FASCINATING! NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH STRONG FORCES AT WORK BEFORE! I SHALL DEVOTE A WHOLE PAPER TO THIS NIGHT AT THE NEXT RESEARCH MEETING!

DON ENTERS HIS ROOM...
ONE OF US IS A NUT-CASE — AND IT ISN'T ME! BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW A BIT MORE ABOUT THIS RAWLINGS FELLOW!
IT'S JUST TOO MUCH OF A COINCIDENCE THAT HE SHOULD TURN UP ON THIS NIGHT OF ALL NIGHTS! AND I WONDER IF HE REALLY WANTS THIS HOUSE AS A NURSING HOME?

THEN A MORE URGENT PROBLEM CLAIMS DON'S ATTENTION!

THE AGENT PUMPS LEAD...

WHAT IS IT, STARR? DID YOU FIRE THOSE SHOTS?
I SURE DID! NOW PERHAPS YOU'LL BELIEVE IT WAS NO POLTERGEIST WHO TRIED TO KILL US EARLIER — OR CAN POLTERGEISTS MOVE DEADLY SNAKES INTO A BED?

BUT, STARR, THERE'S NO SNAKE HERE! ONLY THREE BULLET HOLES!
NEXT WEEK'S STARTLING EPISODE WILL TURN YOUR VERY BLOOD TO ICE!

BOYS! CAPTURE THE REAL WILD WEST

with ACTION *You want the real McCoy! These are the toys that give it to you! Authentic! Realistic! Complete with all the traditional equipment and weapons!*

ACTION HEROES OF THE WEST

JOHNNY WEST

Straight out of the world of the cattle-ranch and the rodeo comes this 11½" tall movable model cowboy. Takes up any action pose you want: sits, kneels, rides, holds a weapon. JOHNNY WEST comes with full range kit of clothing and cooking utensils, strong-box, branding irons, knife, rifle .45, belt and holster. *A real adventure toy!*

PRICE 27/11d.

CHIEF CHEROKEE

Magnificent Red Indian model, standing 11½" tall and fully movable. Over 30 accessories including full tribal ceremonial kit and an assortment of true-to-life Indian weapons.

PRICE 27/11d.

THUNDERBOLT

Superb palamino range horse, beautifully modelled and ready for use with JOHNNY WEST or the CHIEF. *AND* you get all his harness – saddle and saddle blanket, rifle boot and saddle-bags.

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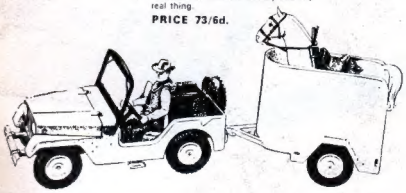
JOHNNY WEST JEEP AND THUNDERBOLT HORSE TRAILER

Perfect model jeep for JOHNNY WEST to drive – with a horse-trailer exactly right for THUNDERBOLT. The Jeep is ideal for all kinds of play and the trailer, with its drop down rear, can be detached or attached exactly like the real thing.

PRICE 73/6d.



JOHNNY WEST JEEP

You can buy the Jeep without the trailer, if you want, it's a realistic replica, even down to the sturdy tyres.

PRICE 45/7d.

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